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Jungle Fever



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Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

The heat kept rising- climbing ever higher. 90... 100...105.. Mai'iq had to find a place to rest. Mai'iq was the last Bengal Tiger on her island. She trudged a long, every animal fleeing in fear that she would devour them. Mai'iq wasn't like the other tigers who once roamed here- that's why she survived. She didn't live off of meat and gore, she lived off of a special spring that lies deep in the jungle, a place that no other animal knew.

The spring was special in this way- it was allegedly created a long time ago by large fur-less creatures that walked on two legs. The bottom of it was made of a dirt that was gray and as hard as any stone Mai'iq had come across. There was a very hard, very dark, long and narrow stick that acted like the waterfall. The water had a green tint to it, but Mai'iq just thought it to be the herbal essence of the divines that kept her so healthy and alive. The water had an odd smell, and a burning taste. It burned down her throat as she drank, and made her dizzy. Mai'iq welcomed the sleep that comes after the drink.

She awoke with a groggy yawn, the usual cloudy vision and heavy tongue feeling wearing off by the second. Mai'iq looked up and saw the stars, welcoming the cool night air. Her night vision was increased ten-fold, and she felt like she could run for miles. The pool glowed an iridescent green in the moonlight, tendrils of glowing fog whispering off of the surface.

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